DARK HORSE COMICS
THE SHADOW 1 OF 4
$2.95 US
$3.70 CAN
THE Shadow
IN THE COILS OF LEVIATHAN
KALUTA · GOSS · GIANNI

THE Shadow™

IN THE COILS OF LEVIATHAN

A Shadow Adventure in Four Parts

PART ONE

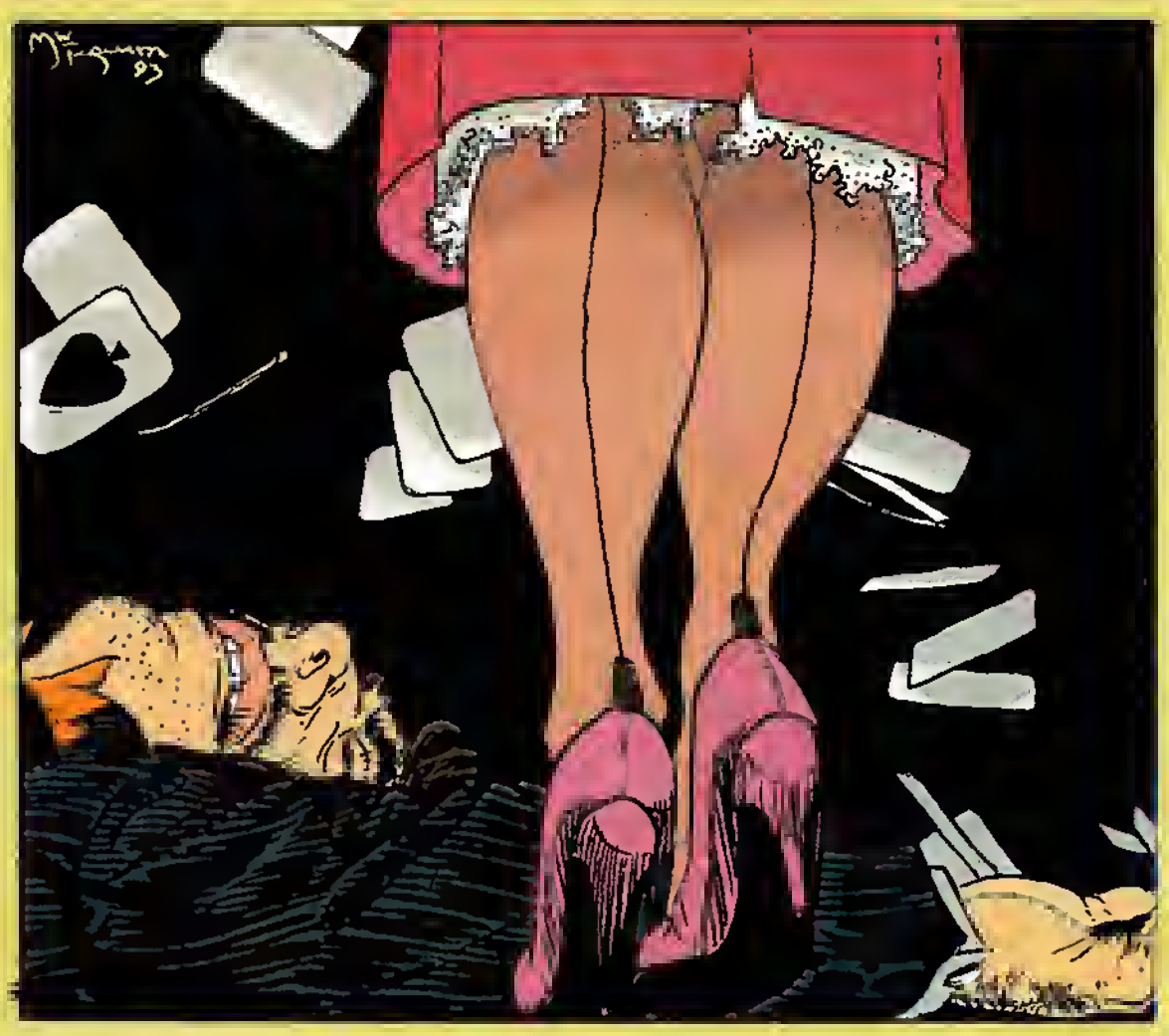
[illegible] Joel Goss ❦ *Writers*
[illegible] *Illustrator*
[illegible] ❦ *Colorist*
[illegible] ❦ *Cover Artist*
Scott Fuentes ❦ *Designer*
Robert Boyd ❦ *Editor*
Mike Richardson ❦ *Editorial Consultant*

The Shadow: In the Coils of Leviathan #1 (of 4), October 1993. Published by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 10956 SE Main St., Milwaukie, Oregon 97222. The Shadow © 1993 The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Text and illustrations for The Shadow: In the Coils of Leviathan © 1993 The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved including the rights of reproduction in whole or in part in any form. The Shadow is a registered trademark of The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All other material, unless otherwise specified, is © 1993 Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Dark Horse Comics® and the Dark Horse logo are registered trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. The events, institutions, and characters presented in this magazine are fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. No portion of this publication may be reproduced, by any means, without the express permission from the copyright holder(s). PRINTED IN CANADA.

As a haunted trumpet solo divides the mind from the world, Night's knife-edge divides the city, slicing across the tenements, the apartments, the office blocks, its song blown through the passages: an anonymous, yet familiar melody bewitching humanity into the strects. Evening winds blow the scraps of yesterday high across the darkening face of the sunset-topped buildings. Fugitive tower windows, full of fire, throw rectangular sparks into eclipsed canyons, limning the exhausted secretary,

the spent clerk, the worn shop assistant, each witless of their flickering corona or their trace images cross-hatched through the plane of reflection. Like leaves half-submerged in an inconstant tide, pushed and pulled by the unknown tune, moving in peripatetic counterpoint to the crescendo of Darkness: this beat, this rhythm, they attempt to find purchase on a distant shore: their refuge, their evening homes.

Nightfall obscures the familiar face, causing second glances between lovers, curious glances between parents, averted glances among the young. These know they must turn away into the land of dream, the imagined security of their beds; for the City is lost to them.



Few sense the night-song, the night-blade, as anything more than the accustomed herald to the end of their workday, fewer still follow its nightly furrow. These few unknowingly ally themselves with the Unknown, their smiles cupping Mystery under fugitive eyes. In some other town less apt to Destiny, heavenly shades of night may fall . . . in this machine-edged City, night issues as sonorous vapor from the sliced-open underworld. Some choke on this night vapor and yes, their choking sounds like echoed laughter. From a darkened window, one might watch these Nightbound falling into the city's glittering chasm: clothespins falling into a sluice, swept away into another world.

These who dare the night-realm must believe in themselves, in drink, the City, or Night Itself. They are floating islands adrift on a light-spattered sea. Their tide pulls the weaker souls, drawing them across the terminator from normal life

toward the distant, blind horizon.

Nature sleeps in the Museum: history. The infrequent stars are impotent. Too often a sphere, head-jerked into a streak of fire, surprises the night walkers: a headlight out of true, a misplaced streetlamp . . ."Oh," as the heartbeat subsides, "It's the Moon . . ."

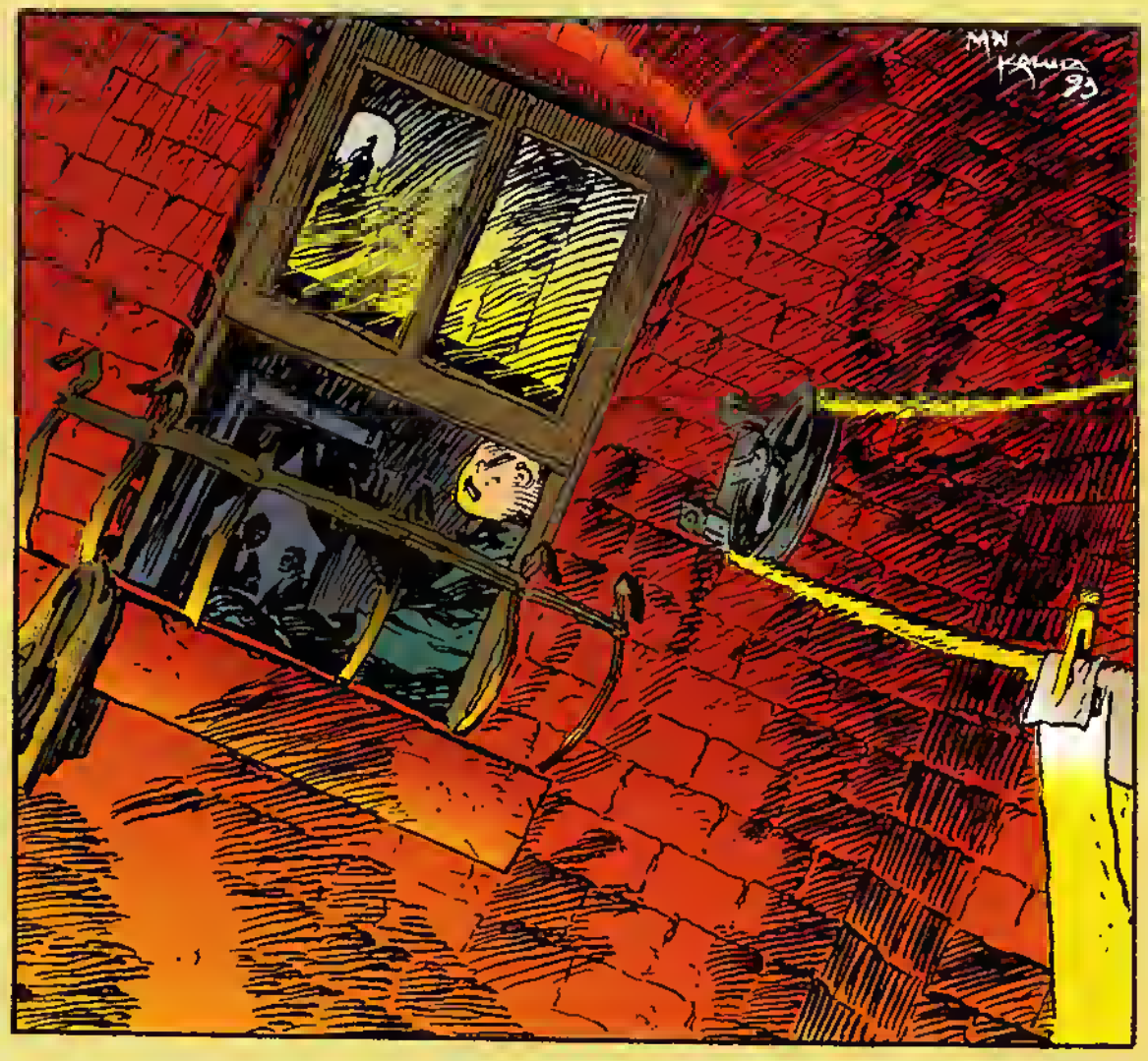
Is the function of this city to bewilder? If form follows function, if breath follows desire . . .

A single-lit window in the massive dark of a building, set just to the side of center by a designing inevitability. The skyline: an intricate cut-paper trick robbed of all but psychic dimension by the inner-city glow. It appears ready to accordion, to fold in on itself, layer upon layer of innocent humanity squeezed together, a darker stain seeping onto the blotter. The clouds, above, up-lit red by the imprisoned furnace of city-light, race toward an endless midnight. The mundane assemblage of bricks, mortar, concrete, and glass is thrown into dramatic relief by the randomly placed streetlamp, its artificial daylight imbuing the familiar with an 'otherness' at times unique, or reminiscent of other such corners at other such times, no different than the nightmare-haunted avenues featured in the dreams of the immobile sleeping millions awaiting daybreak. How many hollow, silent howls issue from those empty-faced buildings? How many imagined deaths or desperate survivals extend into this sleeping, deepening night? How many slumbering fugitives lope open-mouthed into the dream-streets, pursuing themselves, escaping themselves?

Radiating, the streets project into gloom. Figures, lampposts, and machines are cast into theatrical silhouette in the isolated extravagance of pouring, pulsing neon.

Smiles freeze on the faces of the early-night people. Their time draws to a close as the True Night touches their faces — the deeper city-dark: a starving hand clutching a wind-torn coat — a miser's claw at an orphan's pocket. Pale ovals pivot over retreating shoulders, hurrying home, away from the redefining night.

All color now washes away — some rinsed in the frozen fire of automatic flourescence, some fading to a slumbering, forgettable brown: a half-color dripping from an ignored palette. On the abandoned streets, water pools in jigsaw patterns of reflectivity, suggesting depth, suggesting content.



A tattered banner proclaiming some ephemeral glory or commonplace announcement flaps and cracks, defining the emptiness with its susurrant undulation: a great bird wing caught in concrete jaws, its movement arresting to the eye. The human eye searches for movement in these avenues of stillness, the human ear for sound in these avenues of silence. Without the fluttering banner, the windblown leaf, the inevitable cat on its private quiet journey, our eye would needs make the buildings come to life. How our sight cries for the one living thing . . . that, or daylight; how our ear fears the one living sound, lest it be breaking glass, a scream, or hollow laughter.

There are some among the late nightborne who profess themselves master of the Night, masters of their Fate, and so masters of this gun-metal City. Aware, they make no sound when they walk except the sound thought might make treading over bones. They have steel hands, or gloves holding steel; hands holding lives, or the threads of life. In thinking, they will not think of the strong except as oppressors, the meek except as victims or the 'just' as existing at all.

They never see themselves as I see them: the City Night coalesced, human-faced to mock Humanity. They may recognize themselves reflected in one of two mirrors: the watery eyes of the dying, or the glassy eyes of the dead.

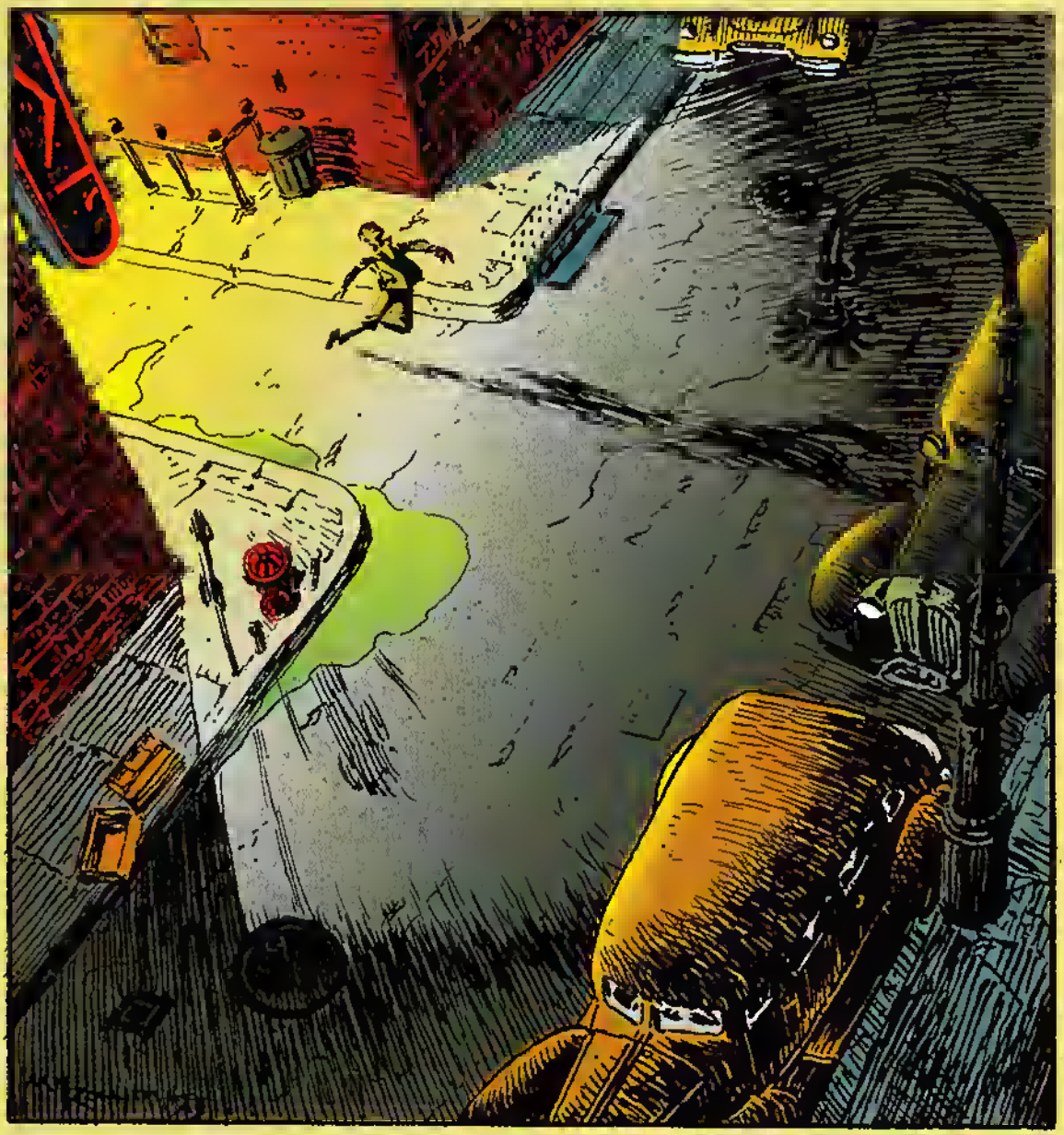
Their code is not complex. Like the glint of gold in an open mouth, the original secret wrapped 'round and 'round in close coils of repetition, warped into the shape of a human heart — armored against enlightened thought — defined by images of

its constant reflection, pane upon pane: a mirror in which all staring faces are reflected as facets of the one great Imposter Face. A mouth of Eternity, feeding, feeding with each timed beat, devouring its own kind, never admitting that it feeds on itself — feeds on us all.

This is our Heart. Yes, this Fist of Perversity through which all our power flows: a cataleptic monkey's paw gripping the pulsing gem of our Immortality. This is the Seed of Life, this night-veiled fear . . . the heart of every being. Nurtured with what passes for Truth, showered with what one hopes is love, the heart attempts to grow, to bloom, however briefly, so that some may say: "Here was Beauty in the midst of Bitterness. Here was a flower in the midst of weeds. Even by the wayside of Life and against all odds, a good life has sprung from the Heart of Darkness.

But not all can resist that shining, dripping fist, that gripping thud that I recognize as the spark of Humanity.

Nurtured with Avarice, Greed and Self-importance; showered with Self-love this Weed thrives, burgeoning into immensity, its limbs spreading high, thrusting out, vapor issuing from its pendent Fruit: repellant yet compelling.



It is a blight — and a Monument.

All come under its Dominion . . .

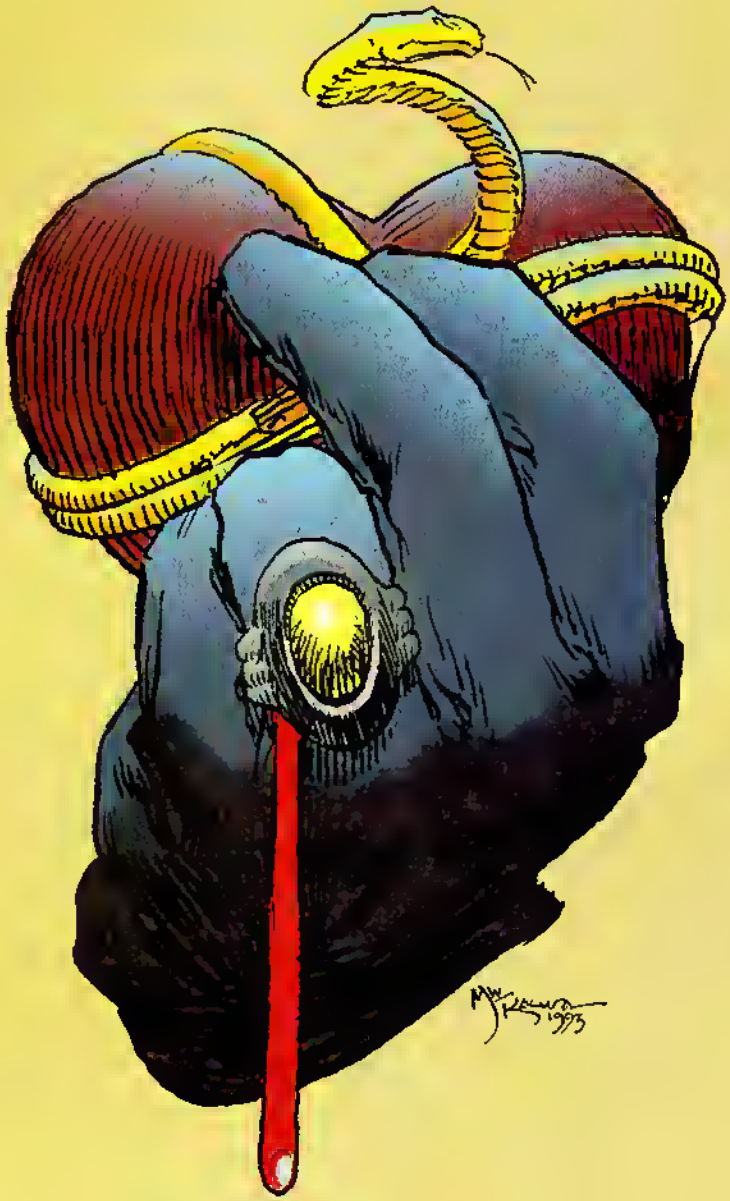
All save one.

As the philosopher says:

"There are many hands to pull at the leaves on the tree of evil — but only one hand to strike at the root."

The Weed of Crime Bears Bitter Fruit . . . Crime Does Not Pay . . .

The Shadow Knows.



HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

CHECK!

In the coils of Leviathan
a Shadow mystery in four parts: one:
Job 41:21 Its breath kindles coals, and a flame comes out of its mouth.

ANOTHER RITUAL SLAYING, SARGE?
I DIDN'T SAY THAT.
DIDN'T HAVE TO·· I GOT EYES. ANOTHER CUT-UP CORPSE, BURNT BEYOND RECOGNITION.
YEAH, WELL, THIS TIME HE TOOK TWO INNOCENT BYSTANDERS WITH HIM.
BYSTANDERS? I HEARD THESE COOTS'VE BEEN SITTING HERE PLAYING CHESS FOR YEARS.
WHAT DOES THIS MAKE IT, SEVEN DEVIL CORPSES NOW?
SAY, LISTEN--YOU BOYS KNOW I CAN'T SAY NOTHING ABOUT NO CULTS--NOT FOR THE RECORD.
THEN, OFF THE RECORD, IT IS ANOTHER "FULL-MOON MURDER"?
SLAPETER!
WHO WAS HE?
ANOTHER SKID ROW SKEEZIX?
I CAN TELL YOU THIS MUCH, BOYS·· WHEN THEY START CRAWLING OUTTA THE SHADOWS INTO OUR NEIGHBORHOODS, WE GOTTA TAKE A CLOSER INTEREST.
THIS WAS TOO PUBLIC. WE'RE GONNA FIND A WITNESS TO THIS ONE.

...WE'LL GET 'EM IF WE HAVE TO GRILL EVERYBODY FOR FIVE BLOCKS.
IZZATSO? WHADDAYA GONNA DO, CORDON OFF THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD?
HOLD IT A MINUTE, SISTER...
...YOU LOOKIN' FOR AN ESCORT?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
TAKE IT EASY, SISTER, I'M A COP. AND WHO ARE YOU?
I AM A SISTER--IN THE NEW WORLD MINISTRY--SISTER ELLEN. HERE... THAT'S MY MOTHER, SISTER EUGENIA OVERTON. I GO TO DIFFERENT CITIES IN ADVANCE, TO HELP PROMOTE HER APPEARANCES.
TAKE ONE.
THIS SISTER'S YOUR MOTHER? I'VE HEARD OF HER.
REUGENIA
E FOR SALVATION!
Evangelist Sister Eugenia Overton
Address the
World Naval Congress
on a
Coast-to-Coast Radio Hook
Ye Miserable Sinner
NEW WORLD MINISTRY

OF COURSE. I THOUGHT I'D BETTER LEAVE TO AVOID THE RISK OF ANY UNFAVORABLE PUBLICITY.
YOU SEE, IN CHICAGO--
QUICK, BEHIND ME, SISTER!
COME ON OUT OF THERE -- I'VE GOT YOU COVERED.
DON'T SHOOT - I'M NOT ARMED.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING SKULKING IN THOSE BUSHES?
I WASN'T SKULKING. I WAS JUST WALKING TO WORK...
THIS TIME OF NIGHT? THROUGH THE BUSHES?
NOT THROUGH THE BUSHES -- SEE, PROFESSOR MEDSKER'S LABORATORY IS JUST A COUPLE OF BLOCKS AWAY...
EEEEERROOOOOO
...I WAS ON THE WAY THERE AND HEARD THE HUBBUB. I'LL PROBABLY BE COOPED UP IN THE LAB ALL NIGHT, SO I JUST THOUGHT I'D STROLL OVER AND SEE WHAT WAS UP.

I SEE. INTERESTING. WELL, THAT'LL BE THE MAYOR'S ENTOURAGE...
I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO TO GET ACQUAINTED.
MAYOR KETTLER, HOW WILL THIS LATEST ATTACK AFFECT THE WORLD NAVAL CONGRESS?
AT LEAST IT'S A CHANGE FROM NIM SHAKING HANDS WITH SOME FOREIGN ADMIRAL ON A BATTLESHIP.
GET OUT AND FIND THAT WITNESS--NOW!
YEAH, A GOOD CULT KILLING SURE PUTS THE KIBOSH ON GEOPOLITICAL PRESS RELEASES.
KNOCKS IT INTO A COCKED HAT, ALL RIGHT.
AS I STATED EARLIER, EVERYTHING HUMANLY POSSIBLE IS BEING DONE TO INVESTIGATE THESE INCIDENTS, WHILE MAKING THE CITY A NICE PLACE TO VISIT FOR ALL THE WORLD'S NAVIES.
SAY, IT'S TOO BAD THE KILLINGS STARTED BEFORE THEY GOT HERE--WE COULD PIN 'EM ON THE FOREIGNERS.
YEAH--TOO BAD.
IN ADDITION, MY PERSONAL FRIEND SISTER EUGENIA OVERTON IS ARRIVING TOMORROW; PERHAPS SHE CAN SPREAD OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS...
YEAH, BANANA OIL.
...WE HOPE FOR SIGNIFICANT DEVELOPMENTS WITHIN 24 HOURS.

"EIGHTEEN HOURS LATER."
WORLD NAVAL CONGRESS
STILL NOTHING-- NO SIGN OF THAT GAZABO S'POSED TO BE A WITNESS.
SAY AGAIN? SORRY, PETE, I WASN'T LISTENIN'.
I WAS WONDERIN' HOW THEY BUILT THAT WASHINGTON BRIDGE UPTOWN. THEY START AT ONE SIDE, OR THE OTHER, FINE -- THEN WHAT?
HOW DO THEY GET ACROSS WITHOUT A BRIDGE IN THE FIRST PLACE? A FERRYBOAT OR SOMETHING? OR WHAT?
DIDJA EVER WONDER?
NAH. I READ HOW THEY DID IT ONCE, BUT I FORGET.
BESIDES, I'M AT WORK, SO I'M WORKING.
I WAS JUST WONDERIN', THAT'S ALL.
P.D.
MURDER
7 DIE IN FULL-
WELL, GET NEXT TO YOURSELF AND WONDER WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO IF WE FIND THIS BO AND IT TURNS OUT HE IS ONE OF THEM DEVIL WORSHIPPERS.
YOU THINK THOSE NEWSHOUNDS ARE RIGHT, PETE?
DUNNO. BUT IT WOULD SURE EXPLAIN THE GRISLY CONDITION OF ALL THEM CORPSES. AND IF THEY ARE, AND WE FIND ANYTHING...
IT COULD MEAN MY PROMOTION.

YOU WOULDN'T GET YOURSELF A PROMOTION WITHOUT ME, WOULD YA, PETE?
HEAR SISTER EUGENIA
WORLD MINISTRY
DON'T WORRY, I'D STILL BLOW YOU TO A CUPPA JOE ONCE IN A WHILE.
BUT JUST NOW, IT'S YOUR TURN TO BUY. AND GET US A COUPLE OF SINKERS WHILE YOU'RE
SURE, PETE. HEY, LOOKY THERE. DOES THAT GUY LOOK FAMILIAR TO YOU?
YEAH, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE.
LUNCH
PD
GO GET THE FEED. I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM. WAIT--
HE'S COMING AT US...
PD
FELLOW OFFICER--I NEED YOUR HELP.
BUT WE--
HEY--
NOW! FOLLOW ME.
DON'T NOBODY MOVE!

THE COLLAR'S ALL YOURS, INSPECTOR-- YOU GOT 'EM, DEAD TO RIGHTS.
SURE DID. TOO BAD ALL THEY DID WAS STEAL THE CHICKEN.
WE'LL CALL UP THE "CUFF AN' COUNT 'EM" BOYS FOR YA BACK AT THE CAR.
I NEVER HEARD OF "GOOD" BLACK MAGIC, BUT IF THEY SAY IT'LL HELP SOLVE THE CASE, I GUESS I'M ALL FOR IT.
I WONDER--
LUNCH
CAN THE CHATTER, WOULDYA?
I WAS JUST WONDERIN', DID YOU EVER HEAR ABOUT GOOD BLACK MAGIC IN THEM BOOKS YOU READ?
SURE I DID. I DON'T REMEMBER WHICH ONE, BUT IT WAS SURE INTERESTING.
YOU REALLY READ ALL THEM BOOKS I SAW IN YOUR PLACE, PETE?
SURE DID, MOSTLY.
REALLY?
HEY, WE STILL GOT TIME FOR THAT JAVA IF WE HURRY.
HEY, JIMMY, WHAT'S UP?
NOTHIN' BUT THE RENT.
GIVE US A COUPLA CUPS OF COWBOY COFFEE.
NAH, MAKE MINE WITH CREAM-- MY STOMACH'S BEEN ACTIN' UP.

The Shadow © 1993 is a registered trademark of The Conde Nast Publications, Inc. All rights reserved including the rights of reproduction in whole or in part. PRINTED IN CANADA

DON'T YOU PALOOKAS EVER LISTEN TO THE RADIO?
P.D.
YOU KIDDIN'? I NEVER MISS "LUM AND ABNER."
NAW, THE POLICE RADIO, YA BIG CLUCK. YOUR DISPATCHER'S BEEN SQUAWKIN', TRYIN' TA RAISE YA.
AWW, NUTS. C'MON, MIKE. DINNER BREAK'S OVER.
GIVE ME A COUPLE OF THEM DONUTS WHILE YER AT IT, JIMMY. FRESH, IF YOU GOT ANY.
...AND THIS PAPER, AND SIX ZAGNUT BARS, TOO, PLEASE.
BETTER CALL IN THE CHICKEN THING, PETE.
YEAH, RIGHT... THE CHICKEN THING.
WHAT CHICKEN THING?
YEAH, DISPATCHER, GOT AN OFFICER ON THE SCENE ON THE NORTH SIDE OF MORRIS, BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND WEST, NEEDS ASSISTANCE WITH A CULT HE'S ROUNDED UP.
HOLY HANNAH! WHY DIDN'T YOU...

YOU KNOW, PETE, I WAS WONDERIN'...
JUST DRIVE THE CAR.
♫♪
♪ HOT GINGER AND DYNAMITE...
...THERE'S ♫ NOTHING BUT THAT AT NIGHT...
THREE DIE IN 5TH FULL-MOON SLAYING
...BACK IN NAGASAKI WHERE THE FELLAS CHEW TABACKY... ♫
♪ ...AND THE WOMEN WICKY WACKY WOO. ♪
BROUGHT YOU SOME MORE CANDY BARS, PROFESSOR.
UH, PARDON ME FOR SAYING, BUT YOU DON'T LOOK ANY-WHERE NEAR READY FOR THE BIG DINNER TONIGHT.
CAN'T MISS IT. IT'S VITAL THAT I BE THERE. BUT I MUST MAKE SURE THAT ALL MY NOTES AND PAPERS AND EVERYTHING ARE IN ORDER...
I'D BE GLAD TO HELP YOU GET THEM ORGANIZED THIS ONCE.
YOU COULD GO UPSTAIRS AND CHANGE WHILE I DID.
CERTAINLY, CERTAINLY. SPLENDID.
21:10
GET THAT, WOULD YOU, SWEET?

YOU ACT NERVOUS, MOTHER; IT'S ONLY ANOTHER DINNER PARTY.
NO DIFFERENT THAN CHICAGO OR ANY OTHER PLACE.
HERE, LET ME. YOU SHOULD BE AN OLD HAND AT THIS BY NOW.
YES, BUT THIS TIME THE WHOLE WORLD IS INVITED, SO TO SPEAK. BY THE WAY...
...I NOTICE YOU'RE NOT WEARING YOUR ENGAGEMENT RING...
...COULD THAT MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO SEE AN OLD FLAME WHILE YOU'RE IN TOWN?
THIS NECKLACE ISN'T TOO OSTENTATIOUS, IS IT? YOU KNOW I DISLIKE VANITY AS A RULE, BUT ALL THE PEOPLE WILL BE THERE.
HAVE YOU DECIDED TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THESE HORRIBLE DEATHS IN THE NEWS?
I THOUGHT I MIGHT ADD A CALMING QUOTE OR TWO FROM THE SCRIPTURE IN ONE OF MY INVOCATIONS FOR THE NAVAL CONGRESS...
...SINCE THEY'RE BEING CARRIED OVER THE RADIO, I MIGHT HELP EASE THE PEOPLE'S FEARS.
I GUESS WE CAN GO AHEAD AND START. AHEM. AS YOU KNOW, THE CITY'S SEWER WORKERS ARE AMONG--
SO, IS THERE GONNA BE A STRIKE OR NOT?

...AMONG THE HARDEST WORKING, AND SELDOM RECOGNIZED--
NBC
THIS IS THE SAME STATEMENT YOU ALWAYS FEED US; TIE THAT BULL OUTSIDE. WE WANT FACTS-- IS THERE OR IS THERE NOT GOING TO BE A SEWER WORKER'S STRIKE?
YEAH, ARE YOUR BOYS REALLY AFRAID TO GO DOWN THERE IN THE DARK?
NOTHING A LITTLE PAY HIKE WOULDN'T FIX.
ANSWER THE MAN-- "SEWER WORKERS PULL THE PLUG"? YES OR NO?
KA-LANKK!
WHAT THE HEY?
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MANHOLE COVER?
TAKE A LOOK AT THAT, WILLYA?
HEY, YOU-- WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
OH, YOU TWO AGAIN. C'MERE, I NEED YOUR HELP WITH THIS. I'M GETTIN' A LITTLE WINDED.

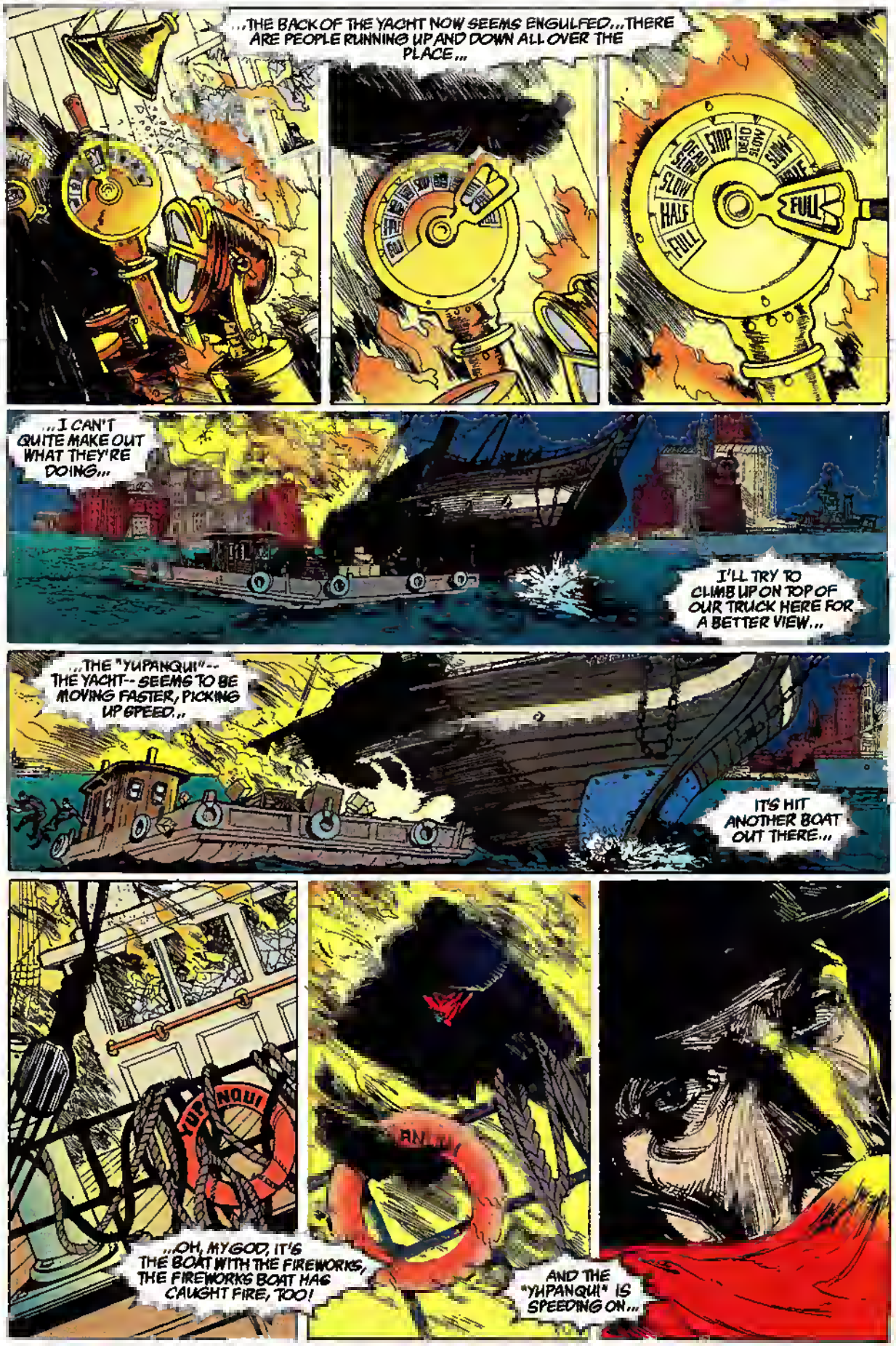
RUNNIN' ANOTHER CHICKEN THIEF TO GROUND, INSPECTOR?
ALWAYS GLAD TO--
EEEEEEEE!
THIS WOULD BE A SPLENDID PLACE TO WATCH THE FIREWORKS, BUT ALL THE EXCITEMENT IS DOWN ON THE YACHT.
AND ALL THAT FREE HOOCH · SHK!
WE MAY AS WELL LEAVE · · I THINK WE'RE FASHIONABLY LATE ENOUGH.
CAB! CABBY!
HOTEL
PD

OOOOF!
YOU OKAY? HERE, LET ME HELP YOU.
I JUST NEEDED A CAB.
I CAN HELP YOU WITH THAT, TOO.
SEE THAT THE GENTLEMAN GETS WHERE HE WANTS TO GO.
DRIVE ON.
SURE T'ING. BUT WHERE TO?
RATS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THERE'S MORE RATS THAN I EVER SEEN BEFORE.
AND STILL NO SIGN OF FRANKIE OR HAL. I DIDN'T LEAVE CHI TO WADE THROUGH A SEWER, Y'KNOW.
WELL, THEY'RE DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE, AND WE'RE WHERE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO--
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
GASP!
VVVIIIIZZZZ!

...WE SWITCH AGAIN TO OUR MAN ON THE SCENE, ROVING REPORTER RICH KENNEDY.
THANKS, ORSON. WELL, AS YOU SAID, I'M STILL HERE AT THE WORLD NAVAL CONGRESS PIER, TALKING TO THE HOI POLLOI. AND THERE'S PLENTY OF THEM, LET ME TELL YOU.
OH, JUST STEPPING OFF THE WATER TAXI, STRAIGHT FROM THE FABULOUS PLEASURE YACHT "YUPANQUI," I SEE THE FAMOUS EVANGELIST SISTER EUGENIA OVERTON. PERHAPS SHE'LL SAY A FEW WORDS TO YOU FOLKS AT HOME.
THANK YOU. AFTER MEETING THE DIGNITARIES OF THE NAVAL CONGRESS, AND SEEING ALL THE IMPORTANT PEOPLE DEDICATED TO ITS MISSION, I FEEL IN MY HEART THAT WORLD PEACE IS CLOSER THAN EVER...
...AND I AM GOING HOME NOW TO PRAY THAT ALL THE HOPES AND ASPIRATIONS OF THE PEOPLE STILL OUT THERE ON THE YACHT WILL SOON BE REALIZED.
I AM THANKFUL...
YOU'LL WAIT HERE A FEW MINUTES?
I WON'T BE LONG.

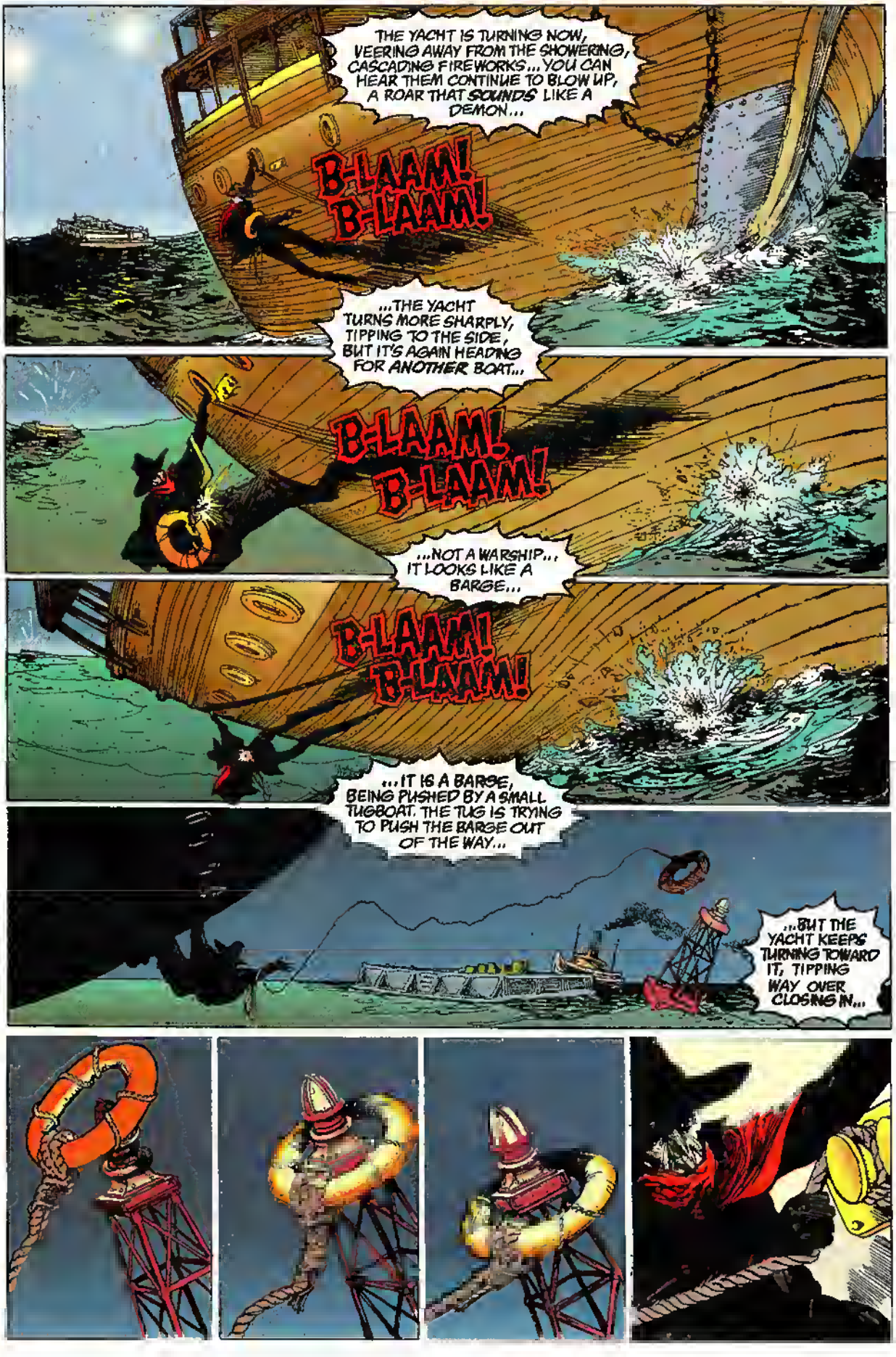
IT CERTAINLY IS A FINE NIGHT FOR A PARTY, WITH EVERY STAR IN THE HEAVENS SHINING DOWN ON THIS PLANETARY PEACE POW-WOW.
SOMEHOW THE SUN ALWAYS SEEMS TO TAKE LONGER TO SET WHEN THERE'RE FIREWORKS PLANNED...
PARDON ME!
BUT, AS ALWAYS, IT DID GET DARK.
OH MY-- WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?
WHY, IT'S A GRAY RAT--SOMEONE DO SOMETHING!
ALLOW ME, SIR.
THEY LET ANY CREATURE ON BOARD IT SEEMS
YUPANQUI

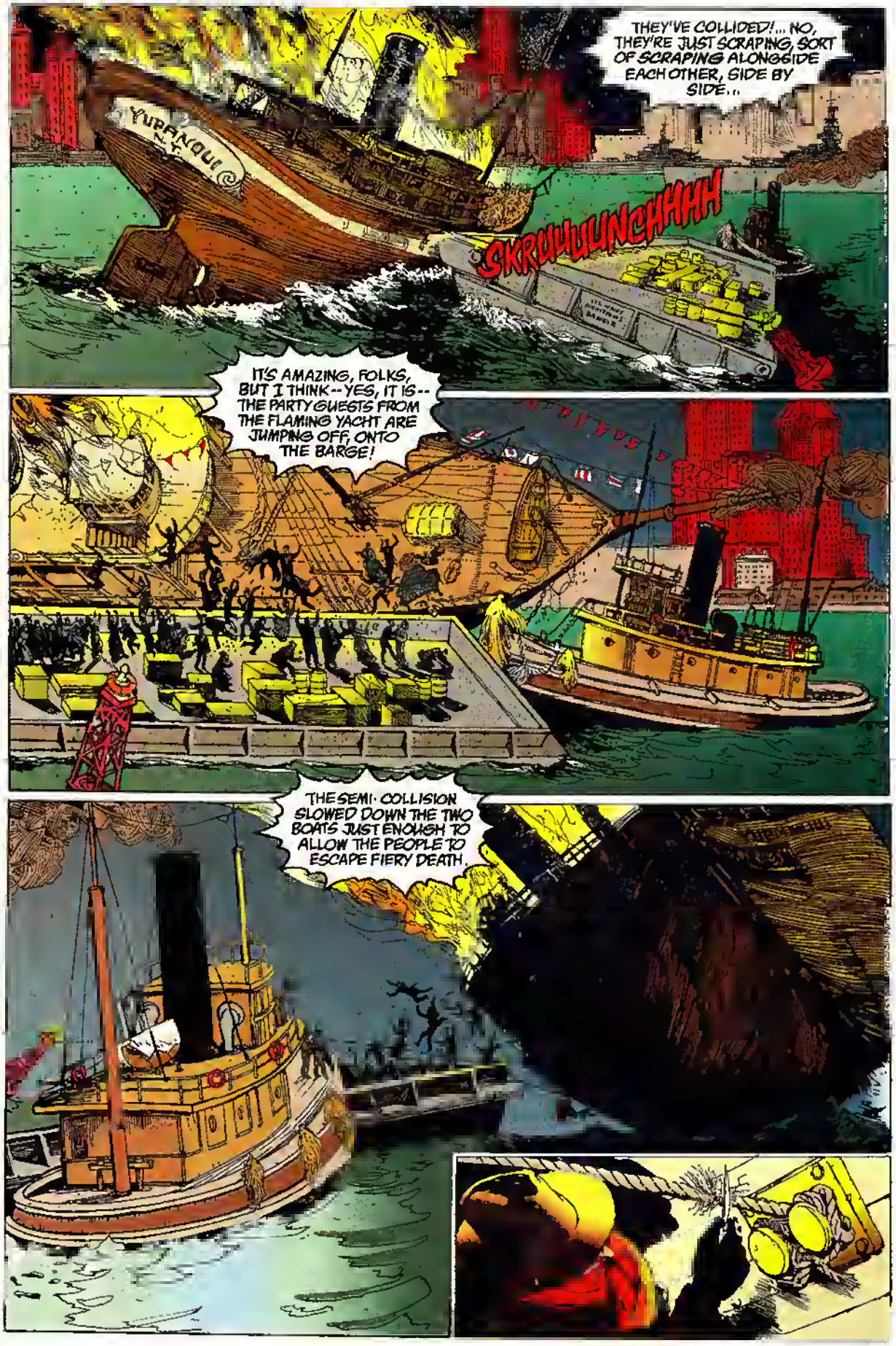
OH, MY, SIR...
I CAN SEE SEVERAL WATER TAXIS FERRYING THE PARTYGOERS BACK AND FORTH. IT'S A MARVELOUS SIGHT, WITH ALL THE LITTLE BOATS BETWEEN ME AND THAT FABULOUS YACHT, THE "YUPANQUI," WITH THE GLORIOUS WARSHIPS FROM AROUND THE WORLD AS A BACKDROP.
WAIT A MINUTE, THERE'S SOMETHING...
I SEE WHAT LOOKS TO BE A BIG LANTERN OR SOMETHING, MOVING ACROSS THE DECK.
IT'S SPREADING, A FIRE IS SPREADING ACROSS THE ENTIRE FRONT OF THE BOAT...
I CAN SEE PEOPLE TRYING TO SCURRY AWAY FROM THE FLAMES...


...THE BACK OF THE YACHT NOW SEEMS ENGULFED...THERE ARE PEOPLE RUNNING UP AND DOWN ALL OVER THE PLACE...
STOP
DEAD SLOW
SLOW
HALF
FULL
...I CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT WHAT THEY'RE DOING...
I'LL TRY TO CLIMB UP ON TOP OF OUR TRUCK HERE FOR A BETTER VIEW...
...THE "YUPANQUI"--THE YACHT--SEEMS TO BE MOVING FASTER, PICKING UP SPEED...
IT'S HIT ANOTHER BOAT OUT THERE...
YUPANQUI
...OH, MY GOD, IT'S THE BOAT WITH THE FIREWORKS, THE FIREWORKS BOAT HAS CAUGHT FIRE, TOO!
AND THE "YUPANQUI" IS SPEEDING ON...

THE PEOPLE AROUND ME ARE PRESSING CLOSER, BUT ALL WE CAN SEE THROUGH THE HEAVY SMOKE AND FLAME ARE SOME OF THE WATER TAXIS MOVING OUT, WAITING TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO PICK UP ANY SURVIVORS...
ANQUI
YUPANQUI

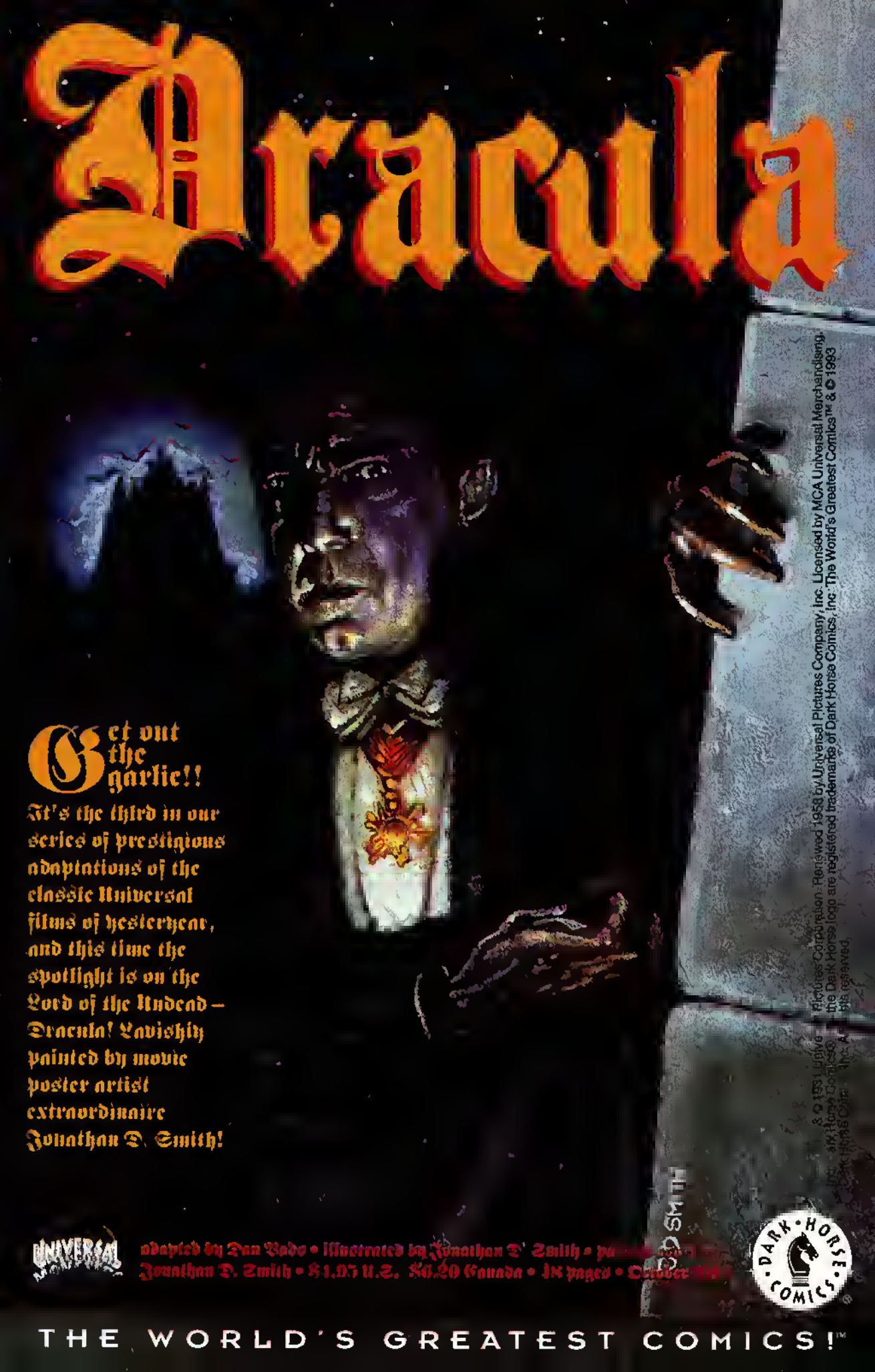
...ALTHOUGH I FRANKLY CANNOT SEE HOW ANYONE COULD SURVIVE WHAT MUST BE INCREDIBLE HEAT OUT THERE...
...I HEAR SOME SHOUTING NOW... I THINK I SEE A LOT OF PEOPLE, IN FRONT, AWAY FROM THE FLAMES...
...I CAN'T HELP WONDERING IF THE STORIES OF A FIERY BEAST MIGHT BE TRUE...


THE YACHT IS TURNING NOW, VEERING AWAY FROM THE SHOWERING, CASCADING FIREWORKS... YOU CAN HEAR THEM CONTINUE TO BLOW UP, A ROAR THAT SOUNDS LIKE A DEMON...
B-LAAM! B-LAAM!
...THE YACHT TURNS MORE SHARPLY, TIPPING TO THE SIDE, BUT IT'S AGAIN HEADING FOR ANOTHER BOAT...
B-LAAM! B-LAAM!
...NOT A WARSHIP... IT LOOKS LIKE A BARGE...
B-LAAM! B-LAAM!
...IT IS A BARGE, BEING PUSHED BY A SMALL TUGBOAT. THE TUG IS TRYING TO PUSH THE BARGE OUT OF THE WAY...
...BUT THE YACHT KEEPS TURNING TOWARD IT, TIPPING WAY OVER CLOSING IN...


THEY'VE COLLIDED!... NO, THEY'RE JUST SCRAPING, SORT OF SCRAPING ALONGSIDE EACH OTHER, SIDE BY SIDE...
YURANQUE
SKRUUUUNCHHHH
IT'S AMAZING, FOLKS, BUT I THINK -- YES, IT IS -- THE PARTY GUESTS FROM THE FLAMING YACHT ARE JUMPING OFF, ONTO THE BARGE!
THE SEMI-COLLISION SLOWED DOWN THE TWO BOATS JUST ENOUGH TO ALLOW THE PEOPLE TO ESCAPE FIERY DEATH.

THEY'VE SEPARATED NOW, AND THE BARGE IS UNSCATHED--IT'S PROBABLY WORSE FOR THE WEAR, BUT IT DID NOT CATCH FIRE, LIKE THE OTHER BOAT, THE FIREWORKS BOAT, WHICH SEEMS RELATIVELY QUIET NOW...
I CAN IMAGINE, FOLKS, THE RELIEF OF THOSE MANY PEOPLE OUT THERE AS THEY REALIZE HOW CLOSE THEY CAME TO BURNING, OR GOING UP WITH ALL THOSE FIREWORKS! THANK GOD THEY'RE SAFE!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
U.S. NAVY MUNITIONS DANGER
"MEANWHILE..."

Dracula


Get out the garlic!!
It's the third in our series of prestigious adaptations of the classic Universal films of yesteryear, and this time the spotlight is on the Lord of the Undead – Dracula! Lavishly painted by movie poster artist extraordinaire Jonathan D. Smith!

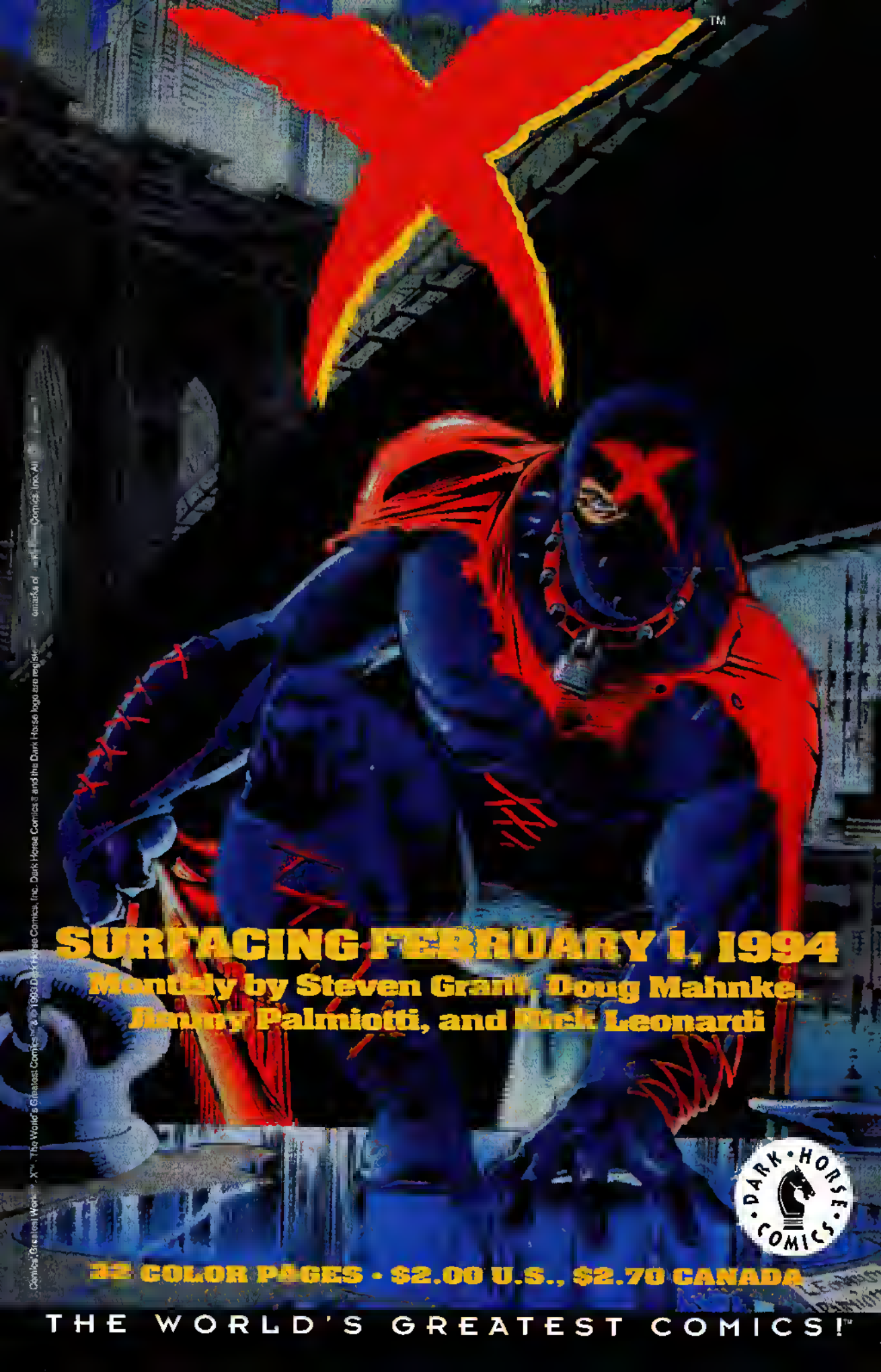
adapted by Dan Vado • illustrated by Jonathan D. Smith • pa[illegible]
Jonathan D. Smith • $4.95 U.S. $6.20 Canada • 48 pages • October [illegible]

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS!™

NEXT ISSUE

Mike Richardson ❦ *Publisher*
Neil Hankerson ❦ *Executive Vice President*
David Scroggy ❦ *Vice President of Publishing*
Andy Karabatsos ❦ *Vice President of Finance*
Ronnie Noize ❦ *Vice President of Sales & Marketing*
Mark Anderson ❦ *General Counsel*
Tod Borleske ❦ *Operations Director*
Randy Stradley ❦ *Creative Director*
Barbara Kesel ❦ *Managing Editor*
Jerry Prosser ❦ *Editorial Coordinator*
Cece Cutsforth ❦ *Design Director*
Bob Schreck ❦ *Special Projects Manager*
Randy Bowen ❦ *Product Development Manager*

DARK HORSE COMICS ©


X
SURFACING FEBRUARY 1, 1994
Monthly by Steven Grant, Doug Mahnke,
Jimmy Palmiotti, and Nick Leonardi
DARK HORSE COMICS
32 COLOR PAGES • $2.00 U.S., $2.70 CANADA
THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS!